

DECEMBER.

BY P. B. WEST.

Again December comes,
The closing of the ~~year~~ month,
Snow clad, in sunshine, or in storm,
A shroud, of pure enameled white
It weaves, for the lost months
That never can appear.

Briskly December comes,
Not saddest of the year—
This the month of friendly gath'ring,
And Christmas carols, and of songs
Where children meet, and part
Still holding friends more dear.

The young in anxious thought,
Anticipation sweet,
With eye, and more attentive ear,
Have caught the preparation made
For Christmas tree, with boughs
That pendant gifts complete.

Gaily, O! gleeful month,
With bells and merry belles,
In unison beat loving hearts
While bounds the sleigh and noble steed,
Time flies, as fading stars
Or waning moon foretells.

Ere while both youth and age
With wit and beauty vie
In festive hall, where music chimes,
Till from the mazy, weary dance,
The coyly parting guests
For respite now apply.

Swiftly thus pass the hours,
May next December's sun,
As brightly shine, as mild its rays
Fall on our path, dark shades dispel;
And stainless record give,
How hearts were lost and won.